In summers drought, Ile drop vpon thee still,
In winter with warme teares Ile melt the snow,
And keepe eternall springtime on thy face,
So thou refuse to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius *with his weapon drawne.*

Oh reuerent *Tribunes*, Oh gentle aged men
Vnbinde my sonnes, reuerse the doome of death,
And let me say, (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lucius. Oh Noble Father you lament in vaine,
The *Tribunes* heare you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue *Tribunes*, once more I intreat of you.

Lucius. My gratious Lord, no *Tribune* heares you speak.

Titus. Why tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me, if they did marke,
They would not pittie me, yet pleade I must,
And bootlesse vnto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes to the stones,
who though they cannot answere my distresse,
Yet in some sort they are better than the *Tribunes*,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
when I doe weepe, they humblie at my feete
Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weeds,
Rome could afford no *Tribunes* like to these:
A stone is soft as waxe, *Tribunes* more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And *Tribunes* with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore standst thou with thy weapon drawne?

Lucius. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc't,
My euerlasting doome of banishment.

Titus. O happie man, they haue befriended thee:

why

why foolish *Lucius*, d
That Rome is but a wi
Tygers must pray, and
But me and mine, how
From these deuourers
But who comes with

Enter M

Marcus. *Titus*, pr
Or if not so, thy No
I bring consuming so
Titus. will it consu
Marcus. this was t
Titus. why *Marcu*
Lucius. Ay mee, this
Titus. Faint-hart
Speake *Lauinea*, what
Hath made thee hand
what foole hath added
Or brought a faggot t
My griefe was at the he
And now like *Nylus* it
Giue me a sword Ile c
For they haue fought f
And they haue nurst th
In bootlesse praier haue
And they haue serude
Now all the seruice I r
Is that the one will hel
tis well *Lauinia* that t
For hands to doe Rom
Lucius. Speake gen
Marcus. Oh that de
That blabd them with